

The one great opportunity for the local public to hear this greatest player of the part is on the coming Friday evening, when she and her admirable

phaser. Nxt in order of merit, or possibly to be strictly correct, in size of salary, come the Three Lucifers, a brother and two sisters, who indulge in some high-class dancing and singing of the high-class kind. The great has been the hit this week of Herbie, but it will be safe to predict that Barnold's performing dogs and cats will make the youngsters and their parents sit up and take notice. There are very few performing cats in existence today from the footlights and the average cat abhors the footlights and is unable to start a rough house among the dogs. At the time, Mons Barnold, however, has a

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ple absorbed in her performance of Zira," has a letter which contains some particularly amusing lines. The letter was written to Robert Mantell, who had advertised that he would give a "benefit" and was much interested in Shakespeare, but unable to find admittance to performances of his works. "This is the second time that I have made such an application," observes the author, who goes on to say that the first was addressed to John Hart, who had produced "The Forty Thieves" at the Gaiety theatre, London. "I have replied to you, and would have sent you a copy of the letter, but the seats had been reserved and would

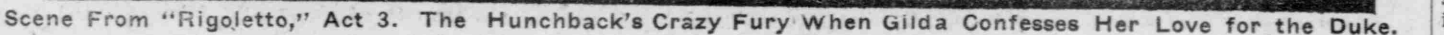
In the twenty-six letters the Alphabet has got, not one stands for Providence, None in the lot; wouldn't insult the proud capital "P." "I" can't stand for "Prov." and it can't stand for me.

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This is one of the real episodes that have all the aspects of fiction. It might be called "The Tale of the Lost Portraits." The first chapter dates back several years to a day when the first generation of an old New York family came from the house that be-

company, and all the minstrelstowner for a pet and call her "Dotsey." Dorothy took to the minstrels as a duck does to water, and most of her time is spent behind the scenes where the entire company delights in amusing her with their favorite songs. Mr. Dockstader, who keeps her laughing by his own style of Delarte poses. In the dressing room the other day at St. Louis, while Mr. Dockstader and r. Wilson were sorting a pile of "eenbacks," "Dotsey" reached over and, taking a large bundle of the bills, pulled a large pair of scissors and cut

square is sent nightly to the Madison Square Club from a newsstand at a surcharge at the cost of \$1. After it has served its stage purpose it is divided among some benches from Madison Square park, who have learned the way the stage door, and whose enjoyment their supper is never spoiled by any spicior, that it has been rolling about the stage. Manager Clarence, however, has made no disturbing calculation as to the probable cost of eight stilled tongues every week for forty weeks, and he has about decided to make a liberal offer for an effective and inexpensive understudy for the



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